

SOME LEADERS IN SPORT IN 1912

BASEBALL. World's champions, Boston Red Sox. National league champions, New York Giants.

Champion batsman, National league, Heine Zimmerman. Champion batsman, American league, Ty Cobb.

FOOTBALL. Champion college team, Harvard.

HOCKEY. Champion Amateur league, Crescent A. C. Champion college team, Princeton university.

TENNIS. National champion, M. E. McLoughlin. National doubles champions, McLoughlin and Bundy.

GOLF. National champion, Jerome D. Traversa. National women's champion, Miss Margaret Curtis.

ROWING. Champion college eight, Cornell university.

Champion N. A. A. O., single sculler, E. B. Butler.

POLO. National champions, senior, Meadow Brook team. Open champions, Cooperstown team.

MOTORBOATS. World's championship, Maple Leaf IV. One mile record, Tech Junior, 1 minute 11 seconds, nautical mile.

TROTTLING. World's champion, C. K. G. Billings.

BILLIARDS AND POOL. Billiards, 18 1/2 ball line, Ora Morningstar.

COURT TENNIS. National champion, Jay Gould.

RACKETS. National champion, Reginald Fincke.

TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETICS. 100 meters, 10 4/5 seconds, first heat, R. G. Craig.

1,500 meters, 3 minutes 56 4/5 seconds, A. R. Kivint.

5,000 meters (outdoor), 16 minutes 52 1/2 seconds, L. Scott.

10,000 meters (outdoor), 34 minutes 52 1/2 seconds, L. Scott.

15,000 meters (outdoor), 51 minutes 17 4/5 seconds, Tel Berns.

20,000 meters (outdoor), 1 hour 17 4/5 minutes, Tel Berns.

30,000 meters (outdoor), 2 hours 17 4/5 minutes, Tel Berns.

40,000 meters (outdoor), 2 hours 51 4/5 minutes, Tel Berns.

50,000 meters (outdoor), 3 hours 51 4/5 minutes, Tel Berns.

1 mile relay (indoor), 3 minutes 26 1/5 seconds, New York A. C. team.

Pole vault, 12 feet 2 1/2 inches, M. S. Wright.

High jump, 6 feet 6 1/2 inches, G. L. Horine.

100 yards, 1 minute 11 1/5 seconds, Albert Guttererson.

50 yards, 33 seconds, Duke P. Kahanamoku.

25 yards, 16 1/2 seconds, Duke P. Kahanamoku.

15 yards, 10 1/2 seconds, Duke P. Kahanamoku.

10 yards, 7 1/2 seconds, Duke P. Kahanamoku.

5 yards, 4 1/2 seconds, Duke P. Kahanamoku.

100 yards, 1 minute 11 1/5 seconds, Albert Guttererson.

50 yards, 33 seconds, Duke P. Kahanamoku.

25 yards, 16 1/2 seconds, Duke P. Kahanamoku.

15 yards, 10 1/2 seconds, Duke P. Kahanamoku.

10 yards, 7 1/2 seconds, Duke P. Kahanamoku.

5 yards, 4 1/2 seconds, Duke P. Kahanamoku.

A Bold Ruse

By OSCAR W. TOWNSEND

A man rode up to a party of miners making coffee and frying bacon at a campfire and said, looking earnestly at one of them:

"Mart, the red devils have got Sam." "Oh, my God!" moaned the man addressed.

Martin and Samuel Gifford were twin brothers who, in the middle of the last century, went out to the mining district of Colorado to prospect for gold. The country still belonged to its original owners, or, at least, its possession by the whites was made uncomfortable. The savages tortured their captives before killing them.

"How long ago did they get him?" asked Martin-Gifford. "Not over half an hour."

"Have they killed him?" "Reckon not. They'll probably torture him first."

"Come, boys," said Mart; "we may be in time."

Five men, all well armed, rode off, guided by Simmons, the one who had brought the news, for the purpose of rescuing the captive. But the Indians were not accustomed to going about in small parties, and the white men had little hope of finding a force that they would be able to master.

Simmons led them to the spot where Sam Gifford had been surprised and captured. Then one of the men dismounted and, leading his horse, followed the footprints of the savages.

It was evident that there was a large number of them, so many, in fact, that it would be madness for the white men to attack them. But they pressed on till there began to appear evidence that the Indians were not far ahead of them, when they halted and sent one of their party cautiously forward to reconnoiter.

He returned to say that from an eminence he had seen as many as 500 redskins on a plain below drawn up in two lines, between which a white prisoner was about to run the gauntlet. The party followed their guide to the point of observation, and before reaching it they could hear the shouts—the yells—of the savages, from which it was evident that their prisoner was running between the lines and they were belaboring him.

It was with difficulty that the whites could restrain Martin Gifford from rushing down the slope to die fighting for his brother. But they held him back on the edge of a wood in which they were lying on their stomachs and used their persuasive powers to convince him that if he betrayed their presence, instead of saving Sam, he would bring the Indians upon them and they would be overpowered.

By the time they had accomplished this the prisoner had run the gauntlet and was driven staggering to a tree, where he was bound and the Indians, standing at a distance, were preparing to fire at him. The whites knew that it was not the intention to kill him. He would be reserved for a lingering death. They would see how near him they could send their bullets and arrows without inflicting a death wound.

"Mart," said one of the party, "if you want to die with Sam or have a chance to save him I'll give you an idea for trial. These red devils are as superstitious as they are cruel, and can easily be imposed upon by working a supernatural racket. None of 'em could tell you and Sam apart. There's no difference in your dress or height or build. Suppose you start down the slope unarmed, with the measured tread of a ghost. They won't shoot an unarmed man till he gets near enough for them to see what he looks like, and when they see Mart's double stalking toward them ten to one they'll run."

The words were no sooner spoken than Mart Gifford was impatient to try the plan, but they held him for a few minutes to impress upon him the importance of keeping his head and playing his part well. Some regretted that they had nothing with which to whiten his face, but others avowed that this would add nothing to his similarity to his brother and might detract from it. The Indians were engaged in firing at their victim when Mart, who had pulled himself together for a great effort, left the wood with folded arms, looking up at the sky that he might not be affected by his brother's danger. There was an interval of about ten

seconds between each of his steps. He was soon noticed by a redskin, who called the attention of the others to him.

The ghostliness of his measured walk soon brought about a commotion among his observers, and when he came near enough for them to see their prisoner's double they were dumfounded. When he had approached near enough to them for his features to be distinct to them he stopped and, still looking up at the sky, pointed to his brother. Some of the Indians fell on their faces, while others, understanding the ghost's motion to be a demand for himself, ran to the prisoner and unbound him.

Sam Gifford soon declined his brother's maneuver and when released walked slowly toward Mart, and on reaching him the twins marched away side by side.

COLLEGIATE BASKETBALL

Exciting Race For Eastern Title Is Predicted.

PRINCETON APPEARS STRONG.

In Many Quarters Tiger Team Is Picked to Win Eastern Championship. Columbia and Penn Also Look Good. Yale Out of It.

The fight for the Intercollegiate Basketball league is off to a start on what promises to be a most sensational season. Last year's championship race was nip and tuck all the way, but on the present form of the teams the season's battles will be even more exciting. Columbia, last year's champion, and Dartmouth, which finished a close second, have practically the same players as last season. Cornell has splendid material, and Al Sharpe, a member of the rules committee, for years a basketball official, is in charge of the men. Sharpe should have a team fighting at the top of the heap because he combines a thorough knowledge of the game with a splendid personality. The Ithaca finished fourth last year, falling down in midseason after making a splendid start.

Princeton was a disappointment last year, but the Tigers are counting on coming back strong, and many of the basketball wiseacres predict Princeton's championship. Led by the husky fullback of the Princeton eleven, De Witt, who plays guard on the five, the Tigers should put out a fighting team. The Princetonians have introduced a new style of basketball this year, being coached by F. W. Leubring of the University of Chicago, who will give the Tigers the western open game.

Then, too, Dr. J. E. Rayeroff, formerly of the University of Chicago and now the chairman of the college basketball rules committee, is director of physical education at Princeton. Dr. Rayeroff is a basketball strategist, and the Princeton team will benefit by having many of Dr. Rayeroff's aggressive scoring plays.

Like Columbia, Pennsylvania, the fifth member of the league, can be always counted upon to produce a strong team. The Red and Blue five is led by Lon Jourdet, who played end on the football team. A new lot of players represent Penn this year, as most of last year's team have been graduated. Pennsylvania is fortunate, however, in having a good staff of basketball coaches in Charles Keathn, Artie Kiefaber and Carl Eblers, three stars of the champion 1910 Penn team.

Al Sharpe should turn out a strong team at Cornell with the material on hand. Princeton plays a strong open attack and endeavors to play its opponents off their feet by rolling up a large score. Dartmouth plays a dribbling game, with Sisson, the clever scoring forward who led the league in points scored last year, as the storm center.

Sisson is the best dribbler playing college basketball today and is second only to the wonderful Keathn of Pennsylvania's champion 1906, 1907 and 1908 teams in whirlwind ability. With three others of last year's five to support him, Sisson should carry Dartmouth's colors to the front this year.

Yale, the sixth member of the league last year, resigned because of the Minor Sports Athletic association reorganization at New Haven, but the Elis, captained by Swihart, who also catches on the Blue line, will play Princeton and Pennsylvania home and home games and will meet Columbia in New York, so the relative rank of the original six teams may, as usual, be determined. The Elis expect to be back in the league in another year, and it will be well to rank the Blue with the league teams.

MILLIONS FOR THIS PITCHER.

Rockefeller's Grandson Takes Lessons From Mordecai Brown. Fowler McCormick, fifteen years old,

son of Harold F. McCormick and grandson of John D. Rockefeller, took up a course in baseball pitching recently under the tutelage of Mordecai Brown, formerly star pitcher of the Chicago National League club.

The boy, who, some day probably will rank with the world's wealthiest men, is being trained for pitching in Princeton University. His father is a graduate of Princeton, and it is his ambition to watch his son strike out the batsmen of Yale and Harvard, for Fowler McCormick is to enter the university as soon as he is prepared.

Brown will give his pupil two lessons each week, and when spring comes Fowler will try for a pitching berth on the team of the preparatory school he now attends.

Syracuse to Reconstruct Navy. Syracuse university will reconstruct its navy, destroyed by a recent cyclone. The alumni committee will raise \$3,000, the student committee \$3,000, and the citizens of Syracuse will contribute \$2,000, making \$8,000.

Shanghai to Hold Race Meet. A Sydney (N. S. W.) dealer recently shipped twenty-five well bred geldings to the International Race club at Shanghai.

O. N. G. and O. A. C. Almost Tie. Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon, Jan. 13.—O. A. C. five won by but two points in the basketball game with the Corvallis O. N. G. Saturday night, because of the loss of Walker and the inability of both May and King to enter the game.

This leaves the squad of Beaver men only six—Capt. Burdick, Cooper, Jordan, Dewey and Darling and Jarnstect both of whom are being tried out at center. They could do no better than to hold the O. N. G. to a 15-13 score.

SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN.

Neither Original Nor Enlightened, is Helen Keller's Verdict.

I doubt if the women in Shakespeare's comedies are to be taken seriously. They are pretty creatures intended to be played by boys. They are the vehicle of any more or less fitting strain of poetry which happens to please the poet. Alice in Wonderland is a very real little girl, but one would not make a grave, scholarly analysis of the traits of character which she displays in her encounter with the mock turtle. Neither should we press too heavily upon Shakespeare's poetry to extract his beliefs about women. The unrivaled sonnets voice the praise and also the petulant dissatisfaction of a man in love or pretending to be in love for the purpose of poetry. The woman worship in the sonnets and in the glowing passages of the plays spoken by gallants in pursuit of their ladies is only the conventional romanticism common in medieval and renaissance literature.

Shakespeare's phrasing outlives that of all other poets. But his ideas of women are neither original nor enlightened. In studying the social ideas of a writer and his time we often learn more from his unconscious testimony than from his direct eloquence. Portia is wise, witty, learned, disguised as a man; but she is disposed of without protest through her father's will and its irrational accidents to a commonplace bankrupt courtier, and the tacit implication is that she is happily bestowed. Where Shakespeare brings Portia's career to an end a modern comedy would begin. In the other plays the delightful heroine is hurried off at the close of the fifth act into the possession of a man whom she would not look at if she were as wise and strong and witty as the situations have represented her—Helen Keller in Metropolitan.

Punsters. Douglas Jerrold, when challenged to make a pun on the zodiac, replied, "By Gemini, I can do."

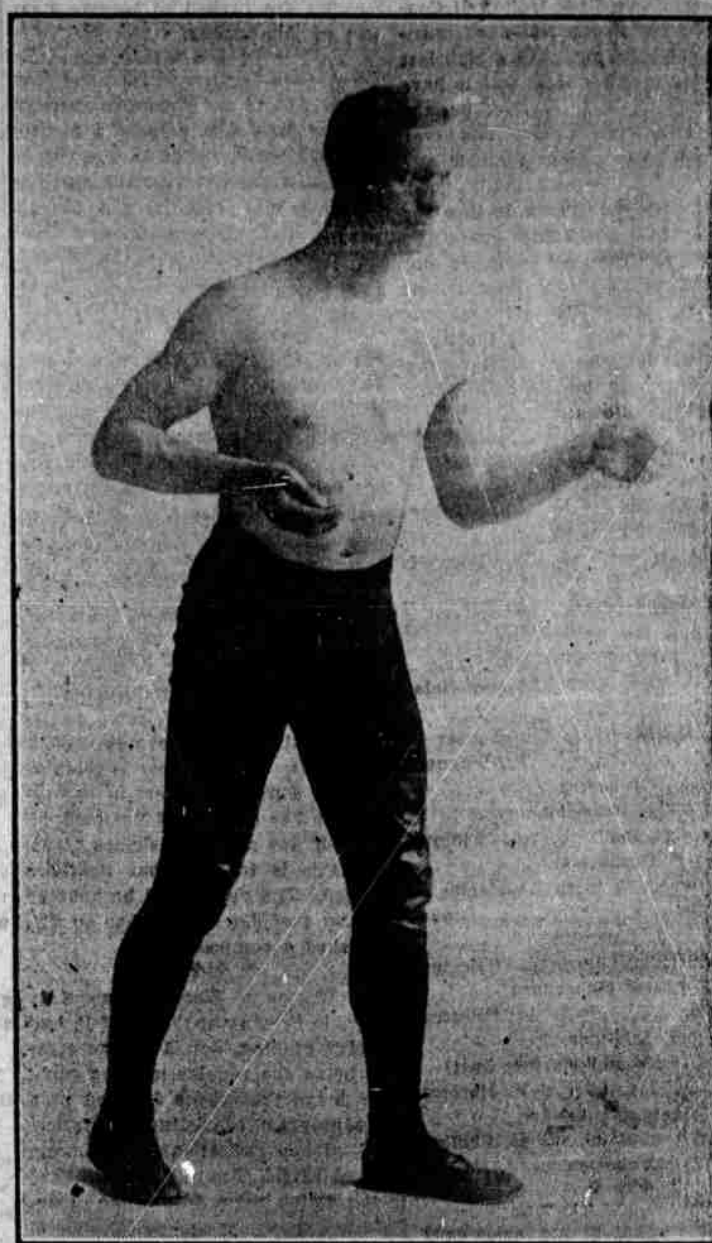
Theodore Hook, when he was improvising at a party, and a Mr. Winter, a well known inspector of taxes, was announced, went on without a moment's break in his performance: Here comes Mr. Winter, inspector of taxes. I'd advise ye to give him whatever he axes. I'd advise ye to give him without any hurryery. For 'thou'st his name's Winter his actions are summary.

The Danger. A lawyer while conducting his case cited the authority of a doctor of law who said: "My learned friend," interrupted the judge "you should never go upon the authority of any save that of the dead. The living may change their minds."

Cause and Effect. "Mrs. Smythe has a beautiful new plume for her hat." "I thought so. I just met her husband."

"Did he tell you about it?" "No, but he looked as if he had just been plucked."—Houston Post.

LOCAL GRAPPLER, ED WARNER, WHO MADE McFARLAND A JUNE LAST NIGHT.



WARNER HAS EASY TIME

WASHINGTON GRAPPLER IS PRINCIPALLY JOKE. Flasco Has Redeeming Feature in Warner's Conduct

Ed Warner, popular Y. M. C. A. physical director, made quick work of Ben Jackson's prodigy—McFarland of Turner, Wash.—at the Steward last night before a handful of people when he laid the big rancher down in three minutes of actual wrestling. As an adversary McFarland was a nincompoop, but that is another tale. Warner flew at his foe as though there were a million in the audience and in less than 10 seconds had the big fellow on the mat and in one minute and 30 seconds had fastened the punishing head scissor and the armlock. The second fall occupied precisely the same length of time and was accomplished with Warner's painful toe hold, which Warner hooked on without half trying. Facts in the case are that Fritz Letter the young amateur of the local "Y" could not only keep out of fatal holds with McFarland but could roll him. However, though much of a flasco, Warner endeared himself with his followers by fussing with McFarland with a vigor that came near injuring the Turner grappler. Warner was indignant that Ben Jackson should have slipped so easy an antagonist over on the La Grande public and scolding the tactics that are often followed, tore into the untutored man without loading, and "nary" a soul has a word to complain about the local side of the fight even though some paid \$1.50 a minute for the wrestling. They are highly pleased with the way Warner behaved in the pinches on his honor.

Poor McFarland is not to blame. He was the fall guy—and this is not all elang which the bump on his head today testifies to—when Ben Jackson was here some time ago he told Warner and others that McFarland was a dandy, fast, skilled and active; when he got home, he told McFarland, who is his pupil, that Warner was a hard wrestler but that McFarland could throw him all right. The poor Irishman came to La Grande under a misapprehension and is not to blame for his inability to even get a start to-

ward throwing Warner—Jackson was the slippery engineer. Flannery had all the best of it in an entirely unscientific preliminary with "Kid" Owens. Owens is a sparring fighter and Flannery is a hammer and tongs proposition. Flannery won. P. A. Foley officiated as referee of both the preliminary and the main event.

Promoter McLeod apologized to the audience for the weakness of the visiting wrestler, explaining, and showing letters from Jackson, that McFarland was a man fully capable of giving Warner a run.

FANS WANT FIVE FORMED

Y. M. C. A. MATERIAL ABLE TO TURN OUT WINNERS

New Men at Hand to Help Make the Team Stronger Than Ever.

Basketball fans are clamoring for a reorganization of the La Grande basketball team of last year under W. M. C. A. colors. Larsen and Lucas would be in line for the team to assist in making it stronger even than it was last year. Though the season is well under way these men could readily develop and become a greater factor in Eastern Oregon than they were last year even. It would go far towards throwing new glories and life into the Y. M. C. A. circles as well.

"All Stars" Formed. For Baker comes the following announcement:

"With the high school and militia company out of the running as far as basketball is concerned in this city, a number of students and former students who have made the game famous in Baker have organized as the 'All Stars' and are now practicing every evening in the armory getting in trim for a short season, for which several games have already been scheduled.

A week from tomorrow the team will start on a four days' trip through the Panhandle and will meet the teams at Richland and Halfway and other places. The two former top good teams and have been playing since early in the fall. Among those who are trying out for the team are: Herbert Faye, Clarence and Douglas Potter, Sherman Foley, Alfred Finley, Frank McCulloch and others."